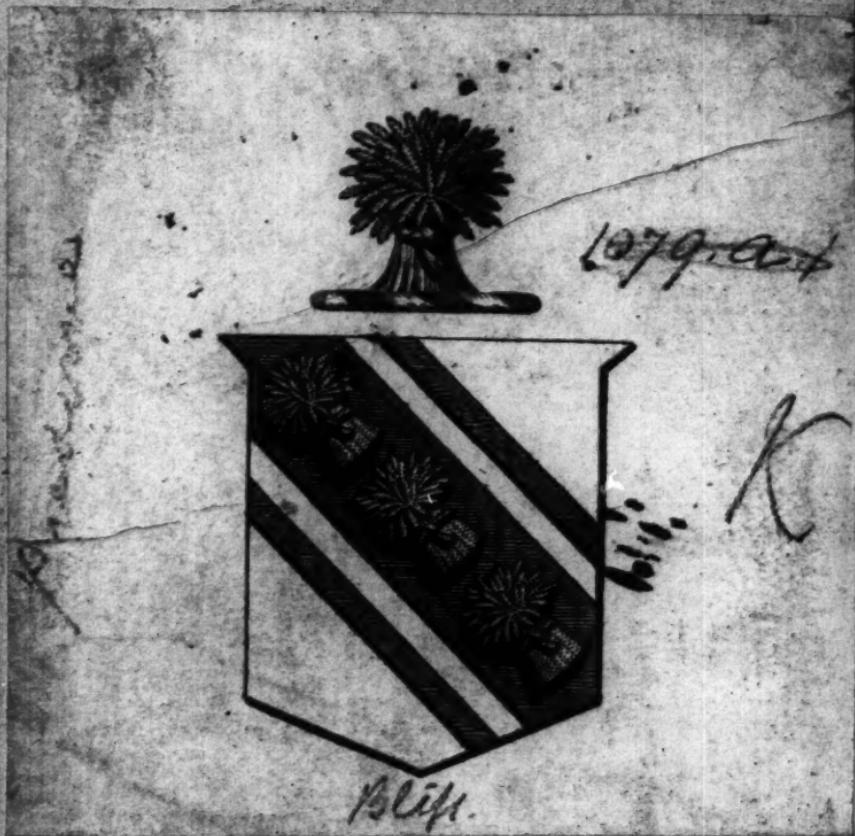
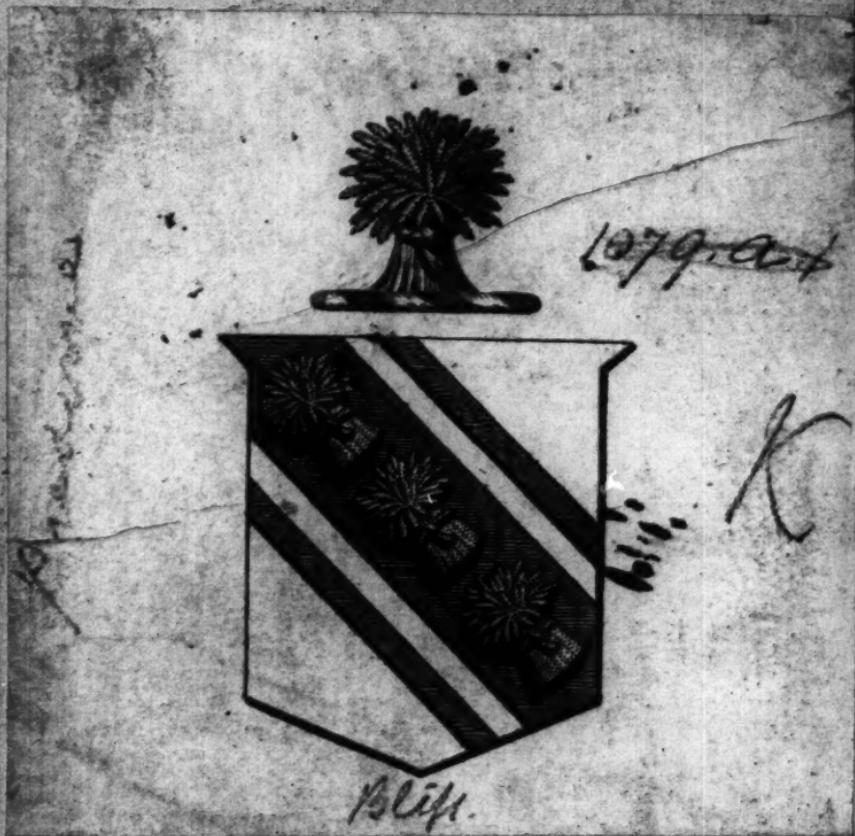


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3. O. P.

LETTERS
OF
LOVE and GALLANTRY.

Written in *Greek* by

ARISTÆNETUS.

Discovering the Air of Courtship
and Address among the Quali-
ty of Greece.

*This Book will shew
How Women lov'd a thousand Years ago.*



L O N D O N:

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT be-
tween the Temple-Gates.
Price one Shilling six Pence slitch'd, and
two Shillings bound.

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УРАГАНИЯ 1861

СУПЕРВИЗОРЫ



2004

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TO
EUSTATIUS BUDGEL, Esq;

S. I. R,



HE gallant and
polite Aristæn-
tus claims your
Protection. He
was, to say all in a word,
a Gentleman and a Lover:

A 2

He

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

He was what you now are,
the Delight of the Fair,
and the Darling of the In-
genious. He found his Parts
no Impediment to his De-
sires, and was happily
convinc'd, that Sense was
as amiable to the Women
of Beauty, as Beauty to
the Men of Sense.

There were Ladies in
Greece that slept in the
Shades of Parnassus, and
tasted of the Castalian
Stream. Our Isle no less
abounds in Persons of the
same

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

same Sex, who have increas'd the Number of the Muses, and what Aristænetus was to them, you are to these. To these, whose Parts and Capacities as much exceed those of Greece, as one of their ancient Heroes surpass'd a dozen modern Beaux. These have crown'd you with Favours, whereof to this Day you cannot but retain a Remembrance.

A 3 But

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

But why do I speak of
private Persons, when
whole Theatres have done
you justice: witness that
Epilogue which was so just-
ly the Diversion of the
Town, and of which, as
of others of their Delights,
the Ladies may say, De-
cies repetita placebit:
And doubtless the Claps
of Britain (in this Æra
of Cato) are at least e-
quivalent to the Applauses
of Greece.

Permit

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

Permit me to mention the Spectators with the Letter X, which were writ with so much Spirit, that unless you had inform'd us to whom they had belong'd, we might have mistook them for another great Author's. So that we may justly say, that the same Genius runs through the whole Scale of Relations.

You are, Sir, of so refin'd a Taste, as to place your Love on an Object which

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

which best deserves it from you ; nor is it to be wonder'd at, that he who was blest with the nearest Inspection should be the greatest Admirer of it. But I must not enlarge upon this Subject, since indeed none but your own Theophrastus could draw your Character.

Were I acquainted with the Objects of your Amours, and could prevail with them to publish your Epistles, we might hope for an

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

an Aristænetus of our own.
This Author's Gallantries
had then been so far ex-
ceeded, as to have left me
no occasion for this Address.

I am, &c.



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L E T-



LETTERS O F LOVE and GALLANTRY.

BOOK I.



EPISR. ILLUSTRIS
A Description of his Mistress.

ARISTÆNETUS to PHILOCALUS.



HE fair *Lais* appears in all the Perfections of Nature, the Goddess of Beauty shines in her Charms, and the Graces receive a Lustre from her Eyes; Eyes that destroy with their Light, and sparkle with irresistible

B

resistible

2 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

resistible Brightness ; O ! she is the Ornament of the Creation, the Glory of her Species, and the pure Reflection of *Venus* ! Shall I display the Scene of her Beauties ? The most elegant Mixture of the Rose and Lilly, the thinnest Lips that almost meet, and are of a deeper red than the Cheeks, Eye-brows of a jett black, distinguished by the justest distance, the Nose streight and suited to the Fineness of her Lips, a full flowing Eye, discharging Fire with a Glance, yet lovely by that Opposition of the Colours of black and white ; the *Loves* there lie inshrin'd, and command a peculiar Adoration ; but her Hair, Gods ! how naturally it waves in Rings, adjusted with the nicest Airs, and set by the Finger of *Venus* ; her Neck white, and becoming her Face, encircled with a Necklace of Pearl, which exprefis her Name, by the Order of the Jewels ; she is tall, genteel, and of the finest Shape ; when she is dress'd, she is charming, but undrest, she is all Charms ; she walks even and quick, you'd think she was blown along upon the Ground ; the

Book I.

3

most curious Pencils have traced her Complexion, and she is an Original for the loveliest of her Sex ; the fair *Helen*, the tender *Graces*, and the Deity of *Love* herself are finish'd from the Perfections of *Lais*, and appear divine in the Gaiety of her Carriage ; to observe the Heavings of her Breasts is a Scene of Rapture, how proudly they beat against the Tucker, and swell under Confinement ; her Limbs are tender and delicate, the Bones seem to dissolve at the Touch, and yield to the Embrace ; but when she speaks, Heavens ! how sweet is her Voice, how witty and eloquent her Expression ? Her Accent is soft, and her Smiles are ravishing ; Envy must own her Accomplishments, that she excels in every thing gallant and lovely ; I adore the Power of Fortune, that *Venus* has offer'd so sweet a Lady to my Enjoyments, I neither was a Judge of her Beauty, nor pronounc'd her fairest by my *Voice*, yet I possess another *Helen*. O thou bountiful Goddess ! what Victim shall I sacrifice for my divine *Lais* ? All who view her are seized

4 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

with Admiration, they address the Gods that her Face may escape the Blast of Envy and the Infection of Charms ; the old and impotent survey her with Amazement, and either implore a Return of Youth and Spirits, or that she had flourish'd when their Blood was warm and could receive a Passion ; she may well be esteem'd the Wonder of her Countrey, when they who are depriv'd of Speech declare the Excellency of *Lais* by Signs ; more of her I can't say, and yet 'tis pain to me to leave the Subject ; I hope she'll excuse my Freedom, for I tremble to displease a Lady, whose Name I attend to with the greatest Pleasure.



E P I S T . II.

Two Ladies in Love with the same Gentleman.

I Was walking carelessly in the *Piazza's* the other Evening hum-
ming

BOOK I. 5

ming over on old Song, when two Ladies extremely beautiful (had there been a third I should have taken them for the Graces) advanced towards me, I fancy they had been quarrelling, for they look'd very coldly upon one another; but their Smiles return'd when they saw me, and they set upon me very smartly; Your fine Airs, Sir, have ravished the Hearts of us both: Now by that dear Sweetness of your Voice which has a strange Power over us, tell us what Lady has the Honour to be courted by so divine Music. They both protested they were in Love, and so severely jealous that they had often engaged in Disputes for my sake, to the no small Damage of their Head-dresses. I told them, they had either Charms enough, but that I could not love them. My pretty fair ones (said I) leave off your Disputes and Jealousies: My Affections are engaged already to a Lady, I am now going to wait upon. We are not to be put off so (they reply'd) there's no such Beauty in this Part of the Town; you

6 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

love another, (you say) but you shall
fwear you like neither of us. I could
not forbear smiling ; and asked them
if they would bind me with Oaths a-
gainst my Will. Have we caught you,
Sir (said they) you may assure your
self we won't leave you now ; you
may be satisfied you have met with
your Match. Upon this they carried
me along ; tho' I bore the pleasing
Violence without the least Uneasiness.
I have gone farther already than I can
justify to my Modesty ; I shall only
say that I made use of the indifferent
Conveniences of the Place to satisfy
both their Desires.



EPIST. III.

*The Entertainment of a young Gentle-
man and a Lady in an Arbor.*

PHILOPLATANUS to ANTHOCOMÆ.

I Passed an Afternoon lately with
the fair *Limona* in a delightful Ar-
bor,

BOOK I.

7

bor, which added extremely to the Satisfaction I received from her enlivening Charms; the shady Plain, the gentle Ait, the tender Grass, adorned with all the Beauties of a rising Spring, enhanced the common Pleasures we receive from those rural Abodes. We sat upon the Ground, which was overspread with Flowers, and around us hung

The fragrant Apple and the mellow Pear.

"Twas an exact Representation of the Retreat *Homer* describes for the Nymphs. The sprouting Branches of these and other Trees surround the Place with the most surprizing Odours. I bruis'd the Leaves in my Hand, then put them to my Nose, which received the most refreshing Smells. The amorous Vine, whil'st she embraced the aspiring Cypress, would sometimes encircle our Necks in her Folds. We could not forbear to admire the different Growth of her Fruit, some were swell'd with pregnant Juice, some were cloathed with

B 4. a downy

8 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

a downy Black, others bitter for want of Age, some flourished in a ripened Bloom. You might see one rising up to the Grapes by the lower Boughs, another sustaining himself by his left Hand while he gathered with his right, another conveyed them from him to the greedy Owner. The Plantane was watered with a pleasant Stream that surprized the Feet with its Coolness, and so clear, that when we bathed in it, the liquid Wave reflected the Image of every Part. I was often deceived by an Apple floating upon the Water to think I was feeling the dear *Limonæa*'s Breasts. O! delightful Fountain! O! the refreshing Coolness of thy Shade! O! ye fortunate Waves which have seen the naked Charms of *Limonæa*! The gentle Zepbyrs at once relieved the excessive Heat, struck our Ears with melodious Notes, and conveyed the most delightful Odours to us from the Branches. These Perfumes I could not but compare to the Essences which alway recommend *Limonæa*'s Charms, and obtain'd a Preference in my Judgment only because - they

they were *Limona*'s. The murmuring Grashopper, the whistling Breezes, and the lively Nightingale reliev'd the Solitude of the Place, and the little Birds play about, and chearfully bear a Part in the Consort. Methinks I see them before me, some chirping on a bending Twig, others fluttering their little Wings in the Stream, some pecking Grains from the Sands, others hopping o'er the verdant Ground; while we whispered the Pleasures they yielded us for fear of disturbing or affrighting them away. The skilful Artist had struck a Trench from a Canal at a great Distance. He had disposed in it some Vials full of a pleasant Liquor, which glided along the silent Stream by the help of a Leaf fastned to the Neck of them, which steered them instead of a Sail. They appeared like a little Navy upon a peaceful Sea, and were bore toward the Bank, so that we might reach them up to drink. The ingenious Merchant had prepared the Wine stronger than ordinary, that it might bear the Coolness of the Water, and yet retain a suffici-

TO ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

ent Body. Thus did we receive the Pleasures of Love in the utmost Variety and Abundance; *Limona*'s Head-dress was a Garland of Flowers, which looked like the Blossoms of a Meadow; but their Beauty is not to be expressed in a Letter. This is a Countrey-Seat of the courteous *Phillio*'s, whither I invite you and your admired *Myrtala* to receive the Pleasures I have here described.



EPIST. IV.

A young Gentleman well acquainted with the Gallantries of the Town.

PHILOCHORUS to POLYÆNUS.

THE gallant *Hippias* met me the other Day, and looking very seriously upon me; Do you mind that Lady leaning upon her Woman? She is positively a genteel agreeable Creature (and indeed such she appeared to be) prithee let's step up and speak to her.

her. No (said I) her purple Vest shew's her to be a Lady of Honour and Virtue, and I would not upon any account seem rude; let's consider a little, I don't love to leap into danger. At this *Hippias* could not forbear laughing, and lifting up his Hand in a seeming Passion, Thou art a Fool in the Art of Love, I just now saw a Woman in Purple take a Turn in the Streets; don't you perceive how strongly she is perfumed, how she toys with her Bracelets, and holds her Hand upon her Breast, and uses every little Art to decoy and surprize; I must confess I was mistaken, said I; upon this she turn'd, and I found the Lyon by his Claw; Why then, *Philochorus*, replied he, we will venture upon her, since there is no danger, we'll find the bottom of her, as one said when he leap'd into a River; now I'll satisfy you immediately: He goes up to her, and when he had given her the Wink, I beg the Favour of you, Madam, said he, to speak to your Maid, I assure you 'tis nothing of Moment we have to declare to her,

12 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

I'll reward her handsomly for any Civility, but we suppose you are a Lady of Honour; she instantly turn'd about, and looked upon him with an Air of Gallantry; *Philocorus*, said he, I think I have a strange Guess at the Inclination of Women, I have prevail'd with no Loss of Time or Persuasion: As for you, Youngster, improve your Fortune, and reap the Pleasure you owe to my Experience; I never fail of Success in Attempts of this Nature.



E P I S T . V.

A Lady's Stratagem to put a Blind upon her Husband.

ALCIPHRON to LUCIANUS.

I Was the other Day at a publick Entertainment in the City where *Charidemus* kept a Feast for his Friends; a certain Lady was there that the young Gentleman had picked up in a Ramble upon the *Change* (you know

know he's an aery Spark, and made her promise to be one of the Guests; when the Company was all come in, the gallant Youth in a noble Dress came leading an old Gentleman, who was invited among the rest. The Lady spying him at some distance, slips into a back Room, and sends for *Charidemus*; when he came, You have spoiled our Design (said she) that old Gentleman is my Husband, I shall be discovered by my Handkerchief I left upon the Chair, and I don't doubt but he'll suspect the worst. However, if you'll send it in to me with a Plate or two of the Desart, I'll think of some Trick to delude him and recover his Opinion of me. He sent them in by a Servant, she took them and got out a back way. When she came home, she applied to a good Woman her Neighbour, and contrived a Stratagem for the old Man. He was at her Heels, and in a violent Passion charged her with a Breach of Chastity, asked her what Busines her Handkerchief had there, and threatned to secure her from dishonouring his Bed any

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any more ; he ran about the House like one distracted looking for a Sword. In comes the Neighbour ; I have brought your Handkerchief very safe, Madam, I thank you very kindly for the use of it, I hope you'll accept of this small Present. When the jealous Husband heard this, his Passion abated, his Suspicion changed into an Excess of Fondness ; he asked her ten thousand Pardons ; I must confess, said he, I was not my own Man, else I should not have so much as thought any thing unkind of so loving a Wife ; 'twas good Fortune sent this Neighbour in to justify your Innocence and reconcile my Affection to you more firm than ever.



EPIST.

EPIST. VI.

A young Girl debauch'd.

HERMOCRATES to EUPHORION.

A Young Girl thus whispers her Governess ; If you will promise me not to discover it, I'll acquaint you with a Piece of News ; the old Lady swore to be secret, and the Ward begins ; I am almost ashamed, but I will declare it at once, I could not help it, I am afraid I have been no better than I should be. *Sopbrona* fell instantly into Tears, and began to upbraid her of Levity in the most opprobrious Language. Peace, says she, or you will expose me to the Notice of the World ; did you not swear to keep my Counsel ? and now you alarm all about you with your Cries ; if you will believe me, Mother, and I call the Gods to witness, Flesh and Blood could do no more than I did,

I de-

16 ARISTANETUS'S EPISTLES.

I denied as long as Woman could ;
but, Lord, what is a Woman in a
Man's Hands. He was so urgent, and
begg'd so hard, that he would not
be refus'd. You are a wanton Gos-
sip, replies the Mother, you have
disgrac'd my old Age, and stain'd my
good Name : However, we must
make the best of a bad Market ; re-
pent, and be a good Girl for the fu-
ture, for your Apron-strings will
stretch, and such Courses as these
must take wind at last ; I wish I had
an honest Man for you, but it will
cost Money, and your Father must
know of it. Not for the World, re-
plies she. Be rul'd, my Child, re-
plied old Piety, for I have a Trick for
the first Night, and can put off my
Mother for a Maid.



EPIST.



EPIST. VII.

*A Gentleman Fishing, is desir'd to watch
a Lady's Cloaths while she bathes in
the Sea.*

CYRTION to DICTYIS.

STanding upon the Rock near the Shore, with my Angle bending with the Weight of a Fish, a young Lady approach'd me, she was exceeding beautiful, of fine Shapes, and the very Reflection of Innocence. I had my Eyes instantly upon her, here comes, thought I, the more agreeable Game, a Prize worthy of my Patience. Sir, says she, I beg the Favour you'd watch my Cloaths while I bath my self in the Tide; I was ravish'd with the Thoughts of seeing her naked, and promis'd her all my Care; she presently began to loose her Attire, but when she threw off the last

Gar-

TTLES.

Elegancy of
Her white Neck
and eek shone through the Jet
of her Hair, two lively Colours of
themselves, but they receiv'd a Lustre
from the black being so near them ;
she flung herself in with some Vio-
lence, and fwam upon the Water ;
the Waves were surpriz'd, and re-
ceiv'd her in a Calm ; the Foam re-
sembled the clear White of her Body ;
had I not seen her before, I should
have fworn she had been a Sea-Nymph
sporting in the Waves : But when the
Lady was tired, and came to the
Shore, you would imagine you saw
Venus springing from the Ocean. I
met her in halte with her Vest, and
offer'd to press her in my Arms, she
retir'd in Confusion (for she was mo-
dest, and of a commanding Presence)
but her Blushes reviv'd her Charms,
and she appear'd beautiful in Anger ;
her Eyes darted Fire, and sparkled
with Resentment ; she seiz'd my Angle
and broke it, and freed the Prifoner
I had taken ; I was in Amazement at
the Action, and griev'd for the Loss
of

of the Fish, but more for releasing so
lovely a Prey out of my Hands.

EPIST. VIII.

*A Gentleman of the Horse and his Lord
in Love.*

ECHEPOLUS to MELEIPPUS.

Gods ! the Sprightliness of his Air !
how gracefully he sits the Horse,
and moves the Reins ? He is swift in
the Course, and beautiful at the Ring,
untamed by the Softness of Passion,
the very Son of *Venus*, the Wish and
Delight of the Fair World. The gal-
lant Youth hearing the Harangue,
Forbear, says he, you are impertinent
in your Praises, and displease me with
your Raptures ; the God of Love has
a superior Conduct, I am under his
Care, he guides my Hand, and advan-
ces my Speed : Discover, I charge
you, your Skill in the Chariot of
Love, there sing with the most diffot-
ving

20 ARISTÆNETUS's EPISTLES.

ving Accent, be melting in your Voice, and amorous in your Expression. I began a Song of my own, and applied it to the Occasion; My Lord, says I, I thought to discharge my Service to you, without a Blemish to my Character, but (your Lordship will excuse me) if you carry your Charms always about you, no wonder if you are exposed to danger; the *Loves*, your Rivals, will be envious, and affront your Hopes; and you must not take it amiss, for they divert themselves in afflicting the tender Goddess their Mother.



E P I S T . IX.

The Stratagem of a Lady to please her self with her Gallant, before her Husband and Attendants.

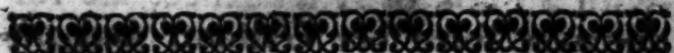
STESICHORUS to ERATOSTHENES.

A Lady was walking in the Street with her Husband, surrounded with

with a Train of Attendance, she fortunately spied her Gallant, and immediately contrived a Stratagem to hear and touch him. She feigns a Slip, and falls upon her Face, the Lover perceiving the Intent of the Misfortune, flies to her Assistance and lifted her up by the Hands. We may guess the pleasing Convulsions they were in. He pretended Expressions full of Sorrow for the Mischance, while he whispered an Affignation in her Ear: She snatched his Hand and privately conveyed it to her Lips, which stole a Kiss of it undiscovered; she gently moved it to her Eyes to feel the Tears, which flowed from an Extasy of Transport and Desire.



22 ARISTENETUS'S EPISTLES.



E P I S T . X.

An Account of the Amour between Acontius and Cydippe, delivered in the Way of a Letter.

ERATOCLEA to DIONYSIS.

THE gay *Acontius* espoused the beautiful *Cydippe*; for Likeness is the strongest Argument to unite the Persons as well as Affections of the young. *Venus* had pour'd all her Charms upon her; she reserved her Girdle only for herself, which she esteemed too great a Favour for a mortal Beauty. The Sister-Graces sported in her Eyes, and beside them ten thousand other Charms. The Youth was adorned with a full sparkling Eye, which stream'd into Looks full of Majesty and Awe. His Cheeks were over-run with a florid Red. The Admirers of Beauty crowded to behold him when he walk'd the Streets.

The

The Change, the Theater, and every Place he frequented, was throng'd with vast Companies to gaze upon the lovely *Acontius*. Such he was when he first conceived a Passion for *Cydippe*; he, who before had wounded thousands with his Charms, was now made sensible of the Tortures they were under who had fallen a Sacrifice to his Beauty. The wanton God drew with his Bow full Strength, and gave a deep but a pleasing Wound. Thrice blessed *Acontius*! The Author of thy Smart adored thy Beauty, and informed thee of a Device to bring about thy Design. The fair *Cydippe* was sitting in the Temple of *Diana*, You stole an Apple from the Garden of *Venus*, you wrote the fatal Poesy round it, and skilfully rowled it before her Attendant's Feet. The Virgin wondering at the unusual Form and Colour of the Apple, supposed that one of her Fellows had carelessly let it fall from her Lap, and so took it up. Can this Fruit be sacred (she said) what can be the meaning of the Inscription? With this she presented it to her Lady in the following

22 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

lowing Address: Madam, here's an Apple such as I have not seen; how large, how fair and shining is its Complexion? How like the Rose is its Colour! How sweet are the Perfumes it scatters! At what a distance is the Force of them perceived! Let me intreat you, Madam, to read the Inscription. The heedless Virgin takes the Apple and spoke the Words,

*Attend Diana to my Vows,
Acontius will I make my Spouse.*

She had no Regard to the Obligation of what she read, and had not Patience to deliver the last word, but rejected the Present with Scorn and Blushes, those Expressions of Modesty, which always appear in the innocent and virtuous when the Name of Bride is mention'd. Her Countenance was overcast with red, her Cheeks represented a Bed of Roses, her Lips too conspired to the Resentment of the Affront, in adorning themselves with the same dye. The Attendant was of Opinion that the Goddess had re-

ceived the Vow, and would advance the promis'd Nuptials. In the mean time the distressed *Acontius*, overwhelmed with Misery, could not express the Torments of unregarded Love. His Nights brought Tears instead of Sleep to his Eyes. He durst not proclaim his Grief by Day, but reserved his Complaints to a Time when he was sure they could not be heard. His Beauty began to fade; Despair had cloathed his Countenance with white, and displaced the Alacritty of his Looks. He avoided the Sight of his Father by wandering in the Desart Fields. His Inclination to Solitude and Retirement gave occasion to one of his Acquaintance to call him the Country Gentleman. But the dressing of the Vine or improving the Fields was not *Acontius*'s Care. To complain to the lofty Pine or spreading Beech was his only Desire. I could wish (he would say) you were capable of Understanding and Voice, only that you might proclaim *Cydippe* Fair. Oh! could you be conscious of the sacred Testimonies of her Beau-

C ty

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ty, which you bear upon your Bark! May I live to profess *Cydippe's* Charms, and to feel her Religion to her Vow! May the angry Goddess never level a Dart against her, may the Arrows for ever rest in the peaceful Quiver! But alas! why do I affright my dearest with these Apprehensions! The Goddess is inexorable to smaller Crimes, but her Vengeance is more eminently design'd against Neglect of Vows; mayest thou therefore declare thy Piety in avoiding her Anger; if otherwise, may the Deity be propitious to you; for his is the Guilt who occasion'd your Perjury. Could I but hear you pitied an unfortunate Lover, I'd fall a Victim to your Beauty, I'd spill my Blood as Water. Ye lovely Shades, Habitations to warbling Birds, is there not Love among you? Does not the Cypress wither for the Embraces of the Pine? No! were it so, you would not only lose Leaves, but waste and decay through Branch and Root. Such were the Lamentations of the distressed and forlorn *Acomius*. By this time Nuptials were preparing for *Cydippe*

to another; the skilful in Music were sent for from all Parts to perform the *Epithalamium*, which was the tender Ode of *Sappho*. The Bride was suddenly taken ill. Her Parents expected the Ceremony of a Funeral instead of nuptial Joys. She unexpectedly recovered, and the Solemnity was ordered again. But the Distemper returned a second and third time. The Father not waiting for a fourth Disappointment, consulted the Oracle to know what offended Deity hindred the Consummation of the Marriage. The Oracle discovered the enamour'd Youth, the Apple, the Vow, with every Circumstance, and advised the Lady might be absolved; and that a Marriage of *Cydippe* to *Acontius* would render them both exquisitely happy. This Return of the Oracle, effected the fulfilling of the Oath in a solemn Celebration of the Nuptials. No Relapse into the Disease did now defer the singing the *Hymenaeum*. The Leader of the Ceremony performed a Dance to the Music, another by the skilful Clapping of his Hands gave a

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Sound not unlike the Cymbal. These Diversions were to *Acontius* very uneasy ; he looked upon them as Delays to his expected Bliss ; the Day to him moved sluggishly on, the Night fled upon the Wings of Love. His Bride he preferred to the Treasures of *Midas*, the Wealth of the *Indies* were Poverty in the Want of her. All proclaim his Happiness who are not unexperienc'd in the Arts of Love. The Ceremony concluded in reposing them in a Scene of Delight, where they tasted the Sweets of a Bridal Bed. O-dours and Perfumes burnt throughout the House at once to gratify the Smell and give Light to every Room ; the Ladies, who before thought themselves equal to her in Beauty, submit to her Charms now she's made a Bride. Such Ornaments had Nature given to every Part ; she retains an honourable Esteem for her dearest *Acontius*, and returns it in the strongest Instances of Love and Pleasure, which always attend a fortunate Marriage.

EPIST.



EPIST. XI.

A Lady in Love with a Youth, demands of her Maid whether he be handsome.

PHILOSTRATUS to EVAGORAS.

ALADY demands of her Woman, Tell me, of all Loves, what Opinion you have of my young Gallant? for I must confess he is extremely handsome in my Judgment. But Love is blind, and my Eyes are unwilling to discover a Blemish against the Tendency of my Passion: Tell me what other Ladies say of him, do they applaud his Beauty, and envy my Conquest, or do they despise him as unworthy of a Woman's Esteem? The Maid, well acquainted with the Humour of her Mistress, replies, If you will believe me, Madam, he is the Subject of all Conversation among the Ladies, they are whispering of him continually. " Nature has been pro-

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“ fuse in her Favours to that lovely
“ Youth; the Messenger of the Gods
“ should take his Shape from him, and
“ not from the *Grecian** Hero. O Per-
“ fection of Charms! May I die if he
“ has not something extraordinary in
“ his Looks! Majesty mix'd with
“ Beauty, and a manly Presence soft-
“ ned with the most endearing Carri-
“ age. The just Height of his Nose
“ has a peculiar Grace; his Hair flows
“ very elegantly behind, and breaks
“ off before in a soft Down about
“ his Ears; the Colours very justly
“ agree in his Face, and must be ad-
“ mir'd; I could wish him dying up-
“ on my Breasts in his Virgin-Inno-
“ cence; happy is the Woman who
“ engages his Love, and enjoys him
“ in the Bed of Pleasure; how de-
“ lightful must he be in the Arms of
“ Desire, in the Bloom of Youth and
“ Activity? She must be steel'd a-
“ gainst every thing tender, who does
“ not dissolve before his Eyes, and
“ languish for his Embrace.” The

* *Alcibiades.*

Lady was all Extasy at the Information, she blush'd and esteem'd the Youth with a double Affection; she judg'd of her Gallant as Women do of themselves, for they fancy they are the Ornament of the *Species* when they are praised, and followed by a Number of Admirers.



E P I S T. XII.

A Gentleman challenges the World to discover a Blemish in the Beauty of his Mistress.

WHO have surveyed the Women of the East, or enjoyed the Beauties of the Western World? I summon them all to behold my Mistress, let them impartially pronounce, if they ever saw an Object so worthy their Admiration. Every View of her inspires Astonishment, every Part is Perfection. Envy here finds itself defeated, and resigns its ill Nature to her over-powerful Charms. If I cast

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an Eye upon her Person, or a Glance upon the Majesty of her Presence, I sink into Extasy ; which is still supported as I trace the Elegancies through every Line. Her Air and good Humour are no less Incitements to Transport, than her Beauty. For tho' the Easiness of her Temper sometimes betrays her to Pleasure, yet there are Rays of Innocence and Modesty dispersed in every Failing. She receives a trifling Present with Esteem and Respect, which the Generality of the Sex reject and dis-regard. Hence our Enjoyments may be compared to the mutual Fondness of Turtles. I dare not disclose the secret Endearments of our Passion. But the Reluctance of her Modesty is an everlasting Supply to Desire. Her Neck distills the Sweets of *Arabia*. A Kiss from her Lips, infuses the Odours of a Paradise. I often repose my Head upon her delicate Breasts, and watch whole Nights in attending the gentle Beatings of her Heart. It is a wrong Opinion that all Women are the same in Enjoyment ; the deformed cannot afford

afford the Pleasure ; they are insensible in the Action, and stupid in the Embrace. The End of Meat, 'tis true, is to relieve Nature, but some are pleasant and delicious, when others are sowre and insipid upon the Palate. Every Day is equally fortunate to me, I have all Sun-shine without the Al-lay and Violence of Storms. They say that Absence dissolves the firmest Engagements of Love ; that Friendship dis-unites in the Distance of the Person ; but may I never see the lovely *Pythias* more ! If she be not every where present to my Fancy. I return to her flushed with Desire, and repeat my Joys with a greater Arden-cy of Love. Every Remembrance of her renews my Passion, and I bless my good Fortune whenever I recall her to my Mind. The Poet *Homer* had a just Idea of Love, when he said,

'Twas sweet to taste the Pleasure o'er again.





E P I S T . XIII.

*A Gentleman loves his Father's Mistress.
A Physician discovers it by an Accident,
and ingeniously persuades the
Father to resign her to his Embraces.*

EUTYCHOBULUS to ACESTODORUS.

I Have been long acquainted with the Power of Fortune, that she governs the Affairs of the World; that Success in all Attempts is owing to her favourable Influence, and that the Disappointments we suffer are dispensed to us from her Frowns. This the wisest of us must acknowledge when she gives us occasion to try her. But to weary your Expectation no longer, I shall entertain you with a pleasant Relation. *Charicles*, Son to the noble *Polycles*, sickned for Love of his Father's Mistress; he pretended an Indisposition of Body, when the Distemper affected only the Mind.

The

The good Man, full of the Tenderness of an indulgent Father, sends for *Panacius*, a Physician, who every way compleated the Meaning of his Name. When he came to the Bed-side, he felt his Pulse, and applied himself to consider his Case. He observed the Motions of his Eyes, and Changes of his Complexion, which often open an Access to the Passions of the Mind; but still he discovered no Disease which had fallen under his Practice. Thus did he continue uncertain what Course to undertake for the Cure. At last it happened the Lady who was the real Cause of the Disease passed through the Apartment, when instantly his Pulse began to rise, his Countenance turned, and his whole Frame appeared in Disorder. Thus was the Physician informed of the Cause of the Distemper when the repeated Applications of his Art had proved insuccessful. He concealed the Secret for some time, and at last disclosed it in this manner: He ordered all the Women in the Family to walk through the Chamber, following

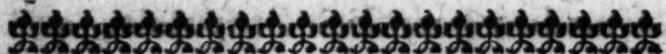
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lowing one another at some Distance. In the mean time he placed his Finger upon an Artery in the Joint of the Wrist, which is an infallible Evidence of the Passions and Desires of the Soul. The Love-sick Youth was unconcern'd for the rest, but when the dear Occasion of his Smart passed by, his Pulse and Countenance were immediately disturbed. This confirm'd the Opinion of the Doctor, who pretending that he wanted some Compositions for the Patient, took his Leave for that, and promised to return the next Day. When he came according to his word, the Father and other Relations were full of Respect to him, and regarded him as the Restorer of the Hope of the Family. He still appeared discontented and despairing of the Recovery of his Patient. The Father then pressed and intreated to be informed of the Cause of his Distaste. This exasperated the Physician, so that he threaten'd to leave the House. At last he could not resist the Importunities of the old Gentleman, and revealed the Intreague with a seeming

seeming Resentment. Love (continues he) is his Disease, the Person he languishes for is my Wife. *Polycles*, tho' in the utmost Confusion for the Distress of his Son, and Indignity to the Physician, was incited by the tenderness of a Father to intreat him for the use of his Wife, disguising the Villany under the Appearance of relieving the Sick. The Physician was alarmed to hear such Proposals, and reflected them with a becoming Rage and Indignation. Would you have me (said he) derive a Blemish upon my Profession, in prostituting my Wife, tho' you throw the gloss of good nature upon the Treachery? The old Man still urged the Reasonableness of endeavouring the Recovery of the Sick; when at last the Physician perceiving he had led him to an Excess of Fondness, Would you (said he) were he in love with your Mistress, deliver her up to his Embraces? He protested solemnly he would not refuse it. *Panacius* replies, lay aside your Grief and Concern; 'tis she alone the young Man dies for; and since

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since you thought it a fair and honourable Request for me to surrender my Wife to his Desires, I doubt not that you'll take the same Freedom with a Mistress. The Father yields to the Proposal; he knew it would be a Violence to his Inclination, but of the two Evils he wisely made choice of the least.



EPIST. XIV.

*A Lady of Pleasure to her Gallant,
who courted her with Music instead
of Money.*

PHILEMATIUM to EUMUSUS.

THE most artful strokes in Music, the most harmonious Sounds, are fruitless Attempts to the Kindness of a Mistress. Money is their pursuit, and the Price of their Embraces. In vain then do you wear the Strings into your Fingers, in vain you waste your Breath in forming Numbers to the

the Reed. 'Tis natural for the Girl to desire to be a Mother, the Name of Virginity implies something raw and unexperienc'd; but the Ladies of Pleasure strike at no Lure but Gold. I conceive you look upon me as a Novice in the Intrigues of Love, fond of the first approach of Youth, and yielding to the most unprepared Assault; but I assure you, I have serv'd my time under a Sister who understands the Labyrinths of Love and Pleasure; and has inform'd me with the Mysteries of our Practice. I know from her to esteem a Gallant by the weight of his Gold, to value no Address that is not fortifyed by that invincible Charm. I have heard her dismiss an Admirer, by telling him, the Lustre of the Ore allures me, as that of Beauty destroys others. Let us then reconcile our Paffion by these Ingredients; your Instruments, I have told you, will not prevail, you whiffle to the Wind; but act as a Man of Honour, and I will instantly place you in exquisite Scenes of Transport and Delight.

EPIS.T.

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EPIST. XV.

Two Cities were in perpetual Hostilities, the King of the one falls desperately in love with a Virgin of the other, and upon Enjoyment of the Lady confirms a Peace.

APHRODISIUS to LYSIMACHUS.

IN my Opinion the force of Love is insuperable, and has a more commanding Influence than Arms, or the Flowers of Oratory. It carries all before it like a Torrent, and breaks its way through all Opposition; it arrests the Terror of War, and establishes Friendship between Enemies. Whole Armies and mighty Generals must confess its Power, and yield their Swords in Veneration to that Almighty Deity. The Pomp of Battel is serene at his Appearance, he silences the Noise of Artillery and the Clash of Armour. *Mars will acknowledge*

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ledge a Superior in the Field when the God of Love advances; he throws away his Shield, and calls in the Fury of his Eyes, he grows gentle, and is led in Triumph as a Captive, and seems proud of his Chains. As an Evidence of this receive the following History.

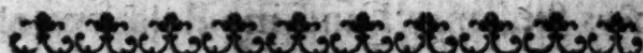
Miletus and *Myus* were two Cities in perpetual War and Hostilities; Trade was denied, and Correspondence prohibited on both sides; but they agreed to a Cessation of Arms while the Feasts of *Diana* were celebrated at *Miletus*. Commerce was open, and the Truce inviolably observed. This notwithstanding could not reconcile the Quarrel, for they resolv'd to proceed with fresh Vigour when the Solemnity was over; and their Resentments had return'd, unless *Venus* had regarded their Safety, and by this Stratagem made an end of the Dispute. There came a young Lady among the rest from *Myus* to see the Feasts, call'd *Pieria*; she was very beautiful, and had all the Accomplishments of Art and Nature. The whole

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whole Appearance of Quality immediately observ'd her, and a *Pbrygian* Prince upon her Arrival fell a Sacrifice to her Eyes. Upon his Address he was admitted to her Arms, which was a fortunate Omen of the Union of the two Cities; he was wonderfully pleas'd with the Favour, and as a Reward commanded her to be free in her Demands, and to assure herself of whatsoever she could ask. The lovely *Pieria* was not affected with the Vanity of her Sex, she required no Bracelets, or Ear-rings, or the Luxuries of Greatness; she did not esteem the sparkling of Jewels, the Attendance of *Carian* Maidens, the Lustre of Purple, or the Gaiety of Point and Brocades; Toys which strike with irresistible Charms upon the Fancy of Women. But with the most engaging Modesty, she was thoughtful at first, in Confusion at the Offer, and Surprise at the Kindness of her Lover. She was under some Uneasiness, and gave herself many innocent Airs to relieve her Blushes, and at last with her Eyes upon the Ground, and with a trembling

trembling in her Voice, My Prince, says she, may I and my Relations always have a safe Access to this happy City? The King discover'd the Moral of the Request, that the Happiness of her Countrey, and a Peace with the *Milefians*, was the Design of the Answer; and so in his Royal Clemency he put an end to the War between the two Cities. For Success in our Pursuits make us easy to Persuasion, and a Prosperity of Fortune will forgive Wrongs, and atone with us for the most enormous Crimes. The generous Spirit of this Lady carries a Conviction with it of the Power of Love, that *Venus* is the best Advocate, and has more Command over the Passions than the most elaborate Eloquence. Many had been the Interviews, many Deputies of consummate Wisdom and Policy had met on both sides, but the Animosities prevail'd, and their Application was lost; and from hence came that common Saying among the *Ionian* Ladies: Happy should I be in a Lover, were he as complaisant to my Wishes, as the *Phrygian* Prince was to the gallant *Pieria*.

EPIST.



EPIST. XVI.

A Gentleman engaged in an Amour, acquaints his Friend of his Happiness in succeeding in it.

LAMPRIAS to PHILIPPIDES.

I Was violently wounded by the Darts of Love; and used to expostulate thus with my self: No Man is sensible of the Torment I undergo, but the powerful God who is Author of my Smart. I can't declare my Paffion; which swells and encreases by being concealed and suppressed. 'Twould be a Relief to shew my Sorrows, and lay open the Distress of my Soul. May the propitious God inform her Breast with an equal Paffion. But this I dare not wish, least her Beauty should languish by her Pain. When I had thus prepared to disclose the struggling Secret, I waited upon her in her Apartment. The Sweetness

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Sweetness of her Conversation was mixed with the fragrant Odours which she dispersed throughout the Room. So lovely a Form would move the Affections of an Angel. Her Hand and Foot were convincing Signs of Beauty in every Part. She dropp'd her Fan ; as she stooped to reach it, I espyed an unguarded Part of her Breasts ; still I could not disclose my Passion. I then addressed the God of Love to dispose her to my Embraces, and lead me to her Arms. The Deity was moved by my Devotion, and granted the Request. She took my Hand, and squeezed my Fingers with a Smile. I then could see Inclination in her Eyes, which just before were darkned by Frowns. She was now melted into Desire ; and leaning on my Neck overran my Lips with Kisses. When she stirred I thought the Place was full of Incense ; the enlivening Smells ravished me into transport. What followed is above the reach of Words. We passed the Night in amorous Engagements, striving which of us should express the greatest

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test Passion; tho' every Word was
broke by the violent Returns of Bliss.



E P I S T . XVII.

*A Lover in pain by the Cruelty of his
Mistress.*

XENOPITHEs to DEMARETUS.

THOU foward ill-natur'd Beau-
ty! Thou savage unrelenting
Creature! Fierce as a Beast of Prey,
and dangerous as the Howlings of
the Forest! My Life I have em-
ploy'd in Attendance upon the Fair,
the Altar of Love has receiv'd my
Incense, and I have been fortunate
beyond the Power of my Wishes; I
have dissolv'd the Coldness of a Vir-
gin Heart; whole Herds have I un-
done in the lower Orb of Women,
and the Virtue of Wives has yielded
to the Assault of Oaths and Gallan-
try. But now, my Friend, I am a
Victim to the Charms of *Daphnis*;

she revenges the Injury of her *Species*, and insults me with a peculiar Scorn. The unhappy *Xenopithes* has suck'd the Poison, tho' well inform'd of the Inconstancy of the Sex, how Women of Pleasure are wavering in their Desires, and irregular in their Pursuits: When they love they are fond; but when they scorn a Lover, they are steel'd to the Tenderness of Passion, and are mercenary in their Embraces. 'Tis Gold that warms their Breasts, and kindles the Flame; to this they prostitute their Vows, and sacrifice their Pleasures. I have try'd the Force of Eloquence to recover her; I have told her that Anger is the Canker of Beauty, that Cruelty preys upon the Face, and ravages the Complexion; but I must gild the Bait before she will be taken: Her Frowns shall inspire my Hopes, and quicken my Address: Time will reduce the strongest Fort, and make a Change in the most resolute and inflexible. Assist me, my Friend, in the Attack, and manage my Artillery: You have been in the same Extremities, and I depend upon
your

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your Conduct, as if the Intrigue were
your own.



EPIST. XVIII.

*A Lady who never granted the Favour
but to the Young and Handsom.*

CALLICÆTA to MIRACIOPHILA.

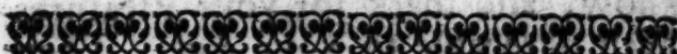
EXceeding fortunate are you, my
Dear, still in the Pursuit of Youth
and Beauty, and despising Gold when
it does not serve your Pleasure. The
Young and Sportive you admire, and
employ your Eyes for the Witty and
Handsom. The Men of Air and Gal-
lantry are your Lovers; for them you
reserve your Embraces, and the Ra-
vage of your Charms. How insup-
portable are Old Age and Wrinkles;
Wither'd Lips and shaking Hands are
the Aversion of Women; we love
Heat and Vigour, and the Gold of
the Indies cannot recommend flagging
Arms and Impotence to us. This you
know,

know, and mark for your Pleasures Men agreeable to your Age. Then is the Enjoyment full of Rapture and Bliss, when the same Age, the same Ardour of Desire and Passion, mingle and unite. You have all the Arts to conquer, and the Command of Softness, which dissolves the strictest Virtue. If the Nose be flat it is elegant and comely; if it rises it bears the Majesty of a Prince; if it be moderate, it is of an exact Proportion; if the Youth is black, he has a manly Grace; and is a Son of the Gods, if he is fair. Thus, if the Object be young, you make him your own by your Management and the Discretion of your Carriage; as the Topers of the Town can swallow Wine, if it has no more than its Name to recommend it. And, my dear *Bacchus*, we Women can taste that heavenly Juyce with a peculiar Satisfaction.



D E P Y S T.

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EPIST. XIX.

A Gentleman falls in love with an Actress; and took her into his House, because she had brought him a lovely Boy.

EUPHRONIUM to THELXINOE.

HAPPY sure has been the Fortune of *Melissarium*; she is releas'd from the Debaucheries of the Stage, and placed in a very decent and honourable State of Life; while I, far from Envy I speak it, am confin'd to the License of the Theatre, exposed to all the Assaults of Vice, and oblig'd to receive the Addresses of every Fop that pretends himself a Lover. She was first a Stroller, brought up by her Mother under a narrow Fortune: As she grew, she discover'd very lively Principles of Beauty; was immediately observ'd, and admitted upon the Stage; where she mov'd with

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with incredible Success, to the Wonder of the Town, and the Emulation of the other Actresses; for I am confident she never went off without Applause. She had not only the Hand of Nature to recommend her, but she follow'd an extraordinary Fancy in her Dress, and had an Air very elegant and engaging. This procur'd her a Train of Admirers, all the Men of Life and Gallantry, were ambitious to be first in her Esteem, and have a Place in her Favour. You may be sure they made her very noble Presents, and every one endeavour'd to excell his Rival. She was soon kept by several of the Quality; and she took care to avoid being with Child, as far as the Power of Art would prevent it; for she knew the Pains of Breeding defaced the Beauty, and spoil'd the Shape, and made her disagreeable for the Embraces of her Lovers. She was inform'd of the Symptoms of Conception, and upon the least Suspicion applied to her Mother; who by my Advice prepar'd a Draught, which put her out

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fear, and recover'd her Colour. But as soon as she set her Eyes upon *Charicles*, a lovely Youth and of a large Fortune; and perceiv'd her Passion return'd by him, she invok'd the genial Gods to be propitious, and forward her Conception. *Lucina* heard, and a charming Boy was born, the very Image and Reflection of his Father's Beauty. The Mother rejooyed at the Success, and call'd the Child *Eutychides*. She was very tender of the Infant, for he was pretty and amiable, and shew'd *Charicles* in the Lines of his Complexion; for the Beauty of the Child has an engaging Command upon the Parent's Love; and the Father was so affected with the Features of his Son, that his Passion advanced, and by his Affection he distinguish'd the Mother from a common Mistress. He remov'd her to his House, reliev'd her from the Temptations of her Practice, and had an Esteem for her Reputation and Character. Her Beauty return'd in full Lustre, and the Pains of the Mother left no Wrinkles in her Face. I dress'd my self on

on purpose, and lately made a Visit to the happy *Pythias*; (for she has taken that Name) and I protest I found every thing in excellent Order. I was amazed at the Beauty of the Child, and almost kiss'd him away. His Lips were soft as Down, and warm as the Breath of Lovers. I declare you wou'd not believe how much she is chang'd: She looks with a modest Air, has a regular Mien, a reserv'd Smile, a becoming Dress, without Pride or Gaiety, and speaks little. I saw her Bracelets, which were decent, and her Petticoats were not flounc'd; her Necklace was plain, and suited to the rest of her Attire. When she goes abroad, she walks with Gravity, with her Eyes upon the Ground; you'd swear she had been the greatest Innocent in Nature. Women of your Profession have their Visiting-Days; you'd do well, my Dear, to call upon her in your way, for she lives in your Neighbourhood. But I must advise you to put on your Purple-Vest, and remember the Name she goes by; for I had certainly mistook

D 3 had

54 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

had not *Glycera* been at my Elbow,
and put me in mind of it.



E P I S T . XX.

A Tayler's Wife debauch'd by a Prisoner.

PHYLACIDES to PHRURION

I Had in my Custody a young Spark
who had been taken with a Lady
of Pleasure, and for some time I kept
him in Fetter'd: But finding him
handsom and a likely Fellow, I re-
lented, and took off his Chains; and
gave him the Liberty of the Prison
without the Attendance of a Keeper;
and he soon rewarded my Compaſſi-
on by debauching my Wife. There is
a Story of *Eurybates*, that he was laid
up and confin'd for Felony; the Tay-
ler took a fancy for the Man, and
allow'd him to shew the Company
the Stratagems he used in the Art of
Thieving. It happen'd as he was
playing his Pranks, he leap'd over the
Wall

Wall and made his Escape. This was soon noised abroad, and was a Jeſt for the whole Town. And, believe me, the Sense of being exposed, torments me more than wearing the Horns: That I, who lay Offenders in Chains, had not clapp'd Irons upon my Wife, and so prevented my Shame.

E P I S T. XXI.

A Lady granting every thing to her Gallant beside the last Favour.

ARISTOMENES to MYRONIDES.

Learn, my Friend, a strange Frolick of Love, which I never heard of before; *Architeles* fell desperately fond of the fair *Teleſippe*: The Maid was at last persuaded to admit the Lover, but with this Reserve, that his Paſſion should not exceed the Bounds, she prescrib'd. Touch my Breasts, said ſhe, and die upon my

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Lips; press me with the closest Embrace, but court me not for a Bride; not expect me for your own, lest you forfeit the Bliss you feel, and loose the Delights you possess. The Youth replied, in a Confusion, Your Will, Fair one, shall be a Rule to my Conduct. I should own the Bounty of Fortune, had I no more than Access to your Presence, or the Privilege of Converse with you. But tell me, if you can, why you forbid me the last Favour? Because, said she, the Prospect of Fruition is sweet and ravishing; but Possession brings neglect, and allays the quickest Pleasure; for the Pursuits of Youth are light and irregular, and very often inconsistent with themselves. The unhappy *Architeles* lies thus in torture; and is forc'd to obey beyond the Continence of Nature. He plays with his Mistress as an Eunuch; inflames his Desire without the Hopes of Enjoyment; and is more upon the Rack than if he were really impotent.

E P I S T.



EPIST. XXII.

The Stratagem of a Bawd.

LUCIANUS to ALCIPHRON.

THE fair *Glycera* was fondly in love with the Youth *Charisius*, (you know the Spark and his Temper) but she kept him at a strange distance, and so conceal'd her Passion that the Gallant flew away in a distaste, and broke off the Amour. His Aversion proceeded from his Love; and the Excess of his Hate renew'd his Desire. The Lady soon perceiv'd the Mistake, and in Confusion applied to her Companion the antiquated *Doris*; who resolv'd upon a Stratagem to reduce the Lover. The old Bawd went out with an Air of Business; *Charisius* meeting her, "Good Fortune attend you, 'Mother'." "From whence, my Child, says she, "should good Fortune happen to me?" The Youth in surprise, "What,"

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“ for Heavens sake, can be the Cause
“ of this”? The old Saint, in a pre-
tended Sorrow, wiping her Eyes,
“ Occasion enough, she replies, the
“ foolish *Glycera* will throw her self
“ away; *Polemon* is the happy Man,
“ that abandon’d Fellow; and for
“ your self, she speaks hard things of
“ you, and has a Prejudice against
“ you not to be reconcil’d”. This
Account alarm’d my Friend, his Co-
lour came and return’d, and in a-
mazement, “ Impossible”, says he.
“ Too true, I assure you, replies the
“ Confident; if I offer the least men-
“ tion of your Name, she is instantly
“ on fire, and will scarce endure the
“ Room”. By this time his Passion
appear’d in his Eyes; for we are apt
to despise when we have a Prospect
of Fruition, but the Apprehension of
a Rival blows up the Fire, and quick-
ens our Pursuit. The Youth dis-
olv’d into Tenderness, and his Re-
sentment was chang’d into Prayers;
he began to whine and beseech, to
sigh with the most dejected Accent,
and to overflow his Cheeks with a
Flood.

Flood of Tears. " And is it possible? says he, What have I done to the cruel *Glycera*? Tell me, Mother, if I deserve her Scorn, I will atone by the strictest Repentance. I confess I have been too blame; but do you think she will admit my Addresses, and receive me when I court her Favour?" *Doris*, you may be sure, laugh'd in her Sleeve, and encourag'd his Hopes. " Can you imagine, continued he, she will relieve my Despair, and grant me Access to her Knees?" " Perhaps she may, replies the Governess; you may depend upon my Interest in the Affair; nothing shall be wanting in me to serve you?" *Charisius* in an Extasie flies to the Lodgings of his Mistress; the desired Youth, that Love and Life of *Glycera*, fell low upon his Knees before her, and entreated with the most submissive Eloquence. The Lady could not dissemble a Frown; but fix'd her Eyes in admiration upon the Neck of her Lover. She gently mov'd her Fingers upon his Cheek,

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and rais'd him from the Ground: She stole a Kiss from her own Hand, because it had touch'd her Beloved, and immediately seal'd a Reconciliation; for Love in the Extremity of it cannot be restrain'd, but shews it self without Blushes or Reserve. Old *Doris* smil'd at the Conceit, and by a Wink to *Glycera*, gave her to understand, that she alone had humbled the Tyrant, and recover'd the Gallant to her Embraces.



E P I S T . XXIII.

*A Gentleman in Love, and a Gamester;
unhappy both ways.*

MONOCHORUS to PHILOCUBUS.

I Am, my Friend, in the Number
of the Unfortunate, under the Af-
fliction of two severe Disappoint-
ments at once; my Mistress drains
me on one side, and the damn'd Dice
go against me on the other. I engage
gene-

generally with my Rivals, and I am so confounded with Love that I neglect my Play. I commonly lose my Throw in disposing my *Men*, and place my Cast to my Adversary's Game: She employs the Compass of my Thoughts, and exposes me to every Sharper, to be rook'd at Pleasure. My Rivals, by this means, win my Money, gallant my Mistress, and fight me with my own Weapons. She cannot resist the golden Shower; and thus I am bilk'd in my Love. 'Tis difficult to decide which Calamity is the greatest.



E P I S T. XXIV.

A Lady preferring one of her Admirers before the rest.

MUSARIUM to her beloved LYSIAS.

LA ST Night, my Dear, I had a Visit from the whole Train of Gallants that pretend a Passion for me; they

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they sat in some Confusion at first, in a deep Silence, and gazing upon one another; but they presently began, and agreed that one should represent and deliver the Opinion of the whole Company. The Speaker started up with an Air of Assurance, and thus offers to expostulate with me: "You are, we confess, the finest Actress upon the Stage, but really, Madam, you do not consult your own Advantage; we would feed you with Gold, but you despise our Presents, and retire from us for the young *Lyfiæs*; a Fellow no way accomplish'd, and very unworthy of your Esteem. Were he handsome, or could we not boast an equal Share of Beauty with him, we should not condemn you of Partiality in your Favours, or dispute your Sense for neglecting Gold, and the Lure of Greatness. But him you applaud to our Amazement; you alarm our Ears with his Name, and are extravagant in his Praise. This cannot be the result of Love, but of downright Madness. One Request, Madam,

“ dam, you must not deny us, That
“ you would declare with Freedom,
“ whether you can forego the Throng
“ of your Admirers for that awkward
“ Fellow? If you resolve to be un-
“ happy with him, we will resign
“ our Pretences, and strive to over-
“ come our Passion.” This was the
Entertainment they gave me till Cock-
crowing. It would be endless to be
particular in their Harangue and Non-
sense to me; they wearied me with
Noise, which I receiv'd at one Ear and
discharg'd at the other. At last I an-
swer'd 'em thus: “ *Lyfias* has my
“ Heart, the God of Love has been
“ against you, and recommended him
“ to my Favour before you all.” And
can any Woman, he goes on, regard
a Man so heavy, and so unelegant in
his Carriage? I replied in resentment,
I can. Pardon my Female Tender-
ness, I prefer the Delights of Love
before Mountains of Gold; and *Lyfias*
is the Object of my Wishes. Fly, fly to
my Arms, thou charming Youth, and
relieve a Love that dies for you; fly,
and fill my Embraces. Let me live
upon

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upon thy Lips, and dissolve in the Folds of Pleasure. Come, my *Lyrias*, my Soul! my Life! come, and kill me not with unkind Delays. Time moves heavily on when thou art from me. The Fops that haunt me with their Passion are *Satyrs* when I compare them with thee. Thou art the only Man of the *Species*, the only Man for whom I reserve my Charms.



EPIST. XXV.

A young Lady accuses her Sister for stealing her Gallant from her.

PHILÆNIS to PETALA.

I Was yesterday invited to an Entertainment by my dear *Pamphilus*, and took my Sister *Thelxinoe* along with me. I could not foresee the Danger of her Attendance, tho' I had all the Intimation in the World. For she took more Pains in her Dress than ordinary. She had painted her Cheeks with

with the brightest Colours, and set her Hair in that exquisite Order, that really she look'd very agreeable; her Pearl Necklace and her Bracelets she dispos'd with a peculiar Advantage; her Tucker was a pretty shade to her Breasts; the Ornaments of her Head became her, and she had a fine thin Hood which discover'd her Youth and the Gaiety of her Complexion. She often whisk'd about upon her Heel, and gave herself the most engaging Airs, sometimes with her Eyes languishing upon herself, and presently sparkling over all the Company, to see if she was observ'd. At last, the Wanton places herself between me and my Gallant, on purpose, you'd swear, to get him from me; for she ogled him instantly, and display'd all the Power of her Charms, She'd lean upon him, and move his Face with a Smile towards her own. The Youth was easy, and seem'd fond of her Caresses, for he was fluster'd in his Wine, and therefore open to any Assault of Beauty. They toy'd together, and drank Kisses to one another;

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nother; the Edge of the Glass was mark'd with their Lips, and by that means a Tenderness of Love impress'd upon the Heart. *Pampbilus* broke a piece of Apple, and threw it into her Bosom; she took it out, and kissing it, laid it under her Stomacher, to tice his Hand between her Breasts. This put me beyond all Patience, (for I could not bear a Rival under my Nose;) Is this, said I, a Return for my Indulgence? Have I brought you up from your Infancy for this? Indeed you reward me handsomely. My Words were lost upon her; for the Flirt turn'd out of the Room in Triumph, and carried off my Lover. The base Creature has sensibly wrong'd me. As I live, my *Petala*, she has injur'd me beyond Redress. Prithee, let us lay our Wits together to be even with her. I'll find a Jilt, if it be possible, that shall pay her in her own Coin. It must be so; for this Gallant of mine, I'll engage she shall lose three.

EPIST.

EPIST. XXVI.

To an Actress.

SPEUSIPPUS to PANARETE.

THE Reputation of your Beauty has long since reached my Ears, but when I had the Happiness of seeing you I admire it the more, as it exceeds the Report. You dance to Admiration. 'Tis impossible to behold you without being affected by your Charms. The Gods have their *Polyhymnia* and *Venus*. You represent them to us, in being accomplish'd with all their Graces. You display the Poet and Painter at once, and present the Powers of Eloquence, and the various Scenes of Nature, in your Action. Your Colours are a gallant Air, your Language a graceful Motion, which you humour to the different Turns of the Music. The Company behold you with Amazement

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ment, and mimic your Gestures with the utmost Transport. The Theatre rings with Applauses, which cease in a Silence to receive the remaining part of the Diversion. The Ladies think an Actress the Perfection of their Sex, and wish for an Opportunity to exert themselves upon the Stage. You proposed *Caramallus* for your Example, and have arrived beyond his Excellencies. Your Performances may be seen by the most Serious, and may very properly serve for a relaxation of their Minds. I have been employed in the Service of the Public to very distant Cities, but could never find a Lady comparable to your self. *Panarete* then must be a Happiness to the Person who enjoys her, since she excells in Humour as well as Charms.



EPIST.

EPIST. XXVII.

A Lady insults her Lover.

CLEARCHUS to AMYNANDER.

THE other Evening a Lover walk-
ed by his Mistress: A Lady,
who stood by her, giving her a tap
with her Fan; May I never be kissed
(said she) if this Gentleman does not
sing so sweetly to make you observe
him. Upon my Word he is not in
the least disagreeable. How neatly he
Dresses! What a delicate Brocade
is his Wastcoat! How soft is his
Voice! How distinctly his Hair falls
upon his Shoulders! I observe it to
be a principal Effect of Love, that it
reforms the most Negligent and Care-
less into a Neatness and Decency in
their Cloaths. The other replied, I
hate a Man, tho' he's ever so hand-
som, when he is full of his own
Perfections; and expects to be court-
ed

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ed by the most celebrated Beauties. I fancy that's the reason he styles himself Sir *Foplin*. He's of a very insolent Temper, thinks himself admired by all, and upon that account looks upon every one with Disdain. I should torment the vain Creature to Death, who thinks he's handsomer than his Mistress; as if her loveliest Charms were scarce a sufficient Reward for the affected Elegance of his Person. I have an humble Servant of this kind; he loves me to Distraction, and I scarce favour him with a Frown. He's continually about my Lodgings. Every Morning he brings the Music to serenade me with some ridiculous old fashion'd stuff, which he tunes over and over, and fancies he pleases me mightily; but, I protest, I am forc'd to put my Fingers in my Ears. She had no sooner spoke this, but pretending to tie her Garter, she discover'd her little Foot, and the cleanness of her Limbs. She took all Occasions to uncover her Breasts; and every little Art she used to ensnare the Affections of her Gallant. The Youth over-

heard the whole Discourse, and stepping up, rally'd the Lady in this manner. You may talk what you please, Madam, 'tis not me you abuse, but the mighty God of Love; I doubt not but he'll resent your Insolence, in making you a Slave to my Paffion. She gave a toss with her Fan, and replies with a very disdainful Air, Your Hopes are very positive, Sir, I suppose you ground them upon the irresistible Beauties of your own Person. But I am afraid the Deity won't regard your Arrogance. However, I don't forbi you to watch and whine fruitless Imprecations under my Window. No, continue to float in the Tide, where the Wind will neither let you rest, nor drive you to the Port. Tho' you can never expect the least Instance of my Favour, not so much as a touch of my Lips, or to over-run my Breasts with your Fingers, yet I hope it will never be in your Power to retreat, or forego your Desires.

EPIST.

E P I S T . XXVIII.

A Gentleman perplexed by the Inconstancy of his Mistress.

NICOCRAS TUS to TIMOCRATES.

OH! the Cruelty of the adorable
Cochlis! She's inconstant as the
Wind! I am racked with Despair,
and overcome with Torment. My
Passion has displaced my Reason. I
have renounced every thing but Love
to her; but my Endeavours are lost.
For who with Certainty can hit the
Mark that is always in Motion?
how then can I attend the unaccountable
Turns of her Mind? Her Nature
speaks her perverse. Thou pow-
erful God of Love, open to me the
Intricacies of her Heart! Perhaps,
Timocrates, you are a Slave to her
Temper; but I assure you, your Pas-
sion cannot submit to its Changes.
Sometimes she dissolves into the Fond-
ness of a Lover, and provokes my
Hopes

Hopes almost to a Certainty, on purpose to triumph in giving a Repulse, when I have receiv'd the greatest Instances of her Kindness. Thus she deludes my eager Expectations, and obliges me to conform to her Uncertainties. Whither has she led me? How shall I leave her? Oh! that intolerable Arrogance of her Mind, which defaces the most agreeable Charms! Vows and Imprecations she won't regard; Intreaties only gratify her Insolence. Thus she has discarded a Lover, who (tho' 'tis Grief to him to part) won't be easily recovered. I shall be a Rival to *Timocrates* no more; for I have considered, that 'tis Prudence to discharge every thing that makes Life uneasy. Our Friendship won't be disturb'd hereafter, by Jealousy or Distaste. I wish fair *Cochlis*'s Inconstancy may give a Brightness to her Charms, and that you may have better Success in the Amour than my self.

LETTERS
O F
LOVE and GALLANTRY.

BOOK II.

EPIST. I.

Soliciting a Lady for his Friend her Lover,

ELIANUS to CALYCA.



YOU receive this, Madam, to intreat you for the young *Charidemus*. Assist me, ye Powers of Eloquence; give Life to my Expression, and support my Address. The courteous Youth doats upon you;

he

he dies gazing upon your Charms. I
really despair of his Life; you must
expect to see him a living Shadow,
unless you recover him, Madam, by
an Instance of your Favour. For
Heaven's sake do not stain your Beau-
ty with an Imputation of Cruelty, and
make the *Graces* insult you for your
Disdain. You accuse the Youth, I
am sensible he is to blame, but his
Punishment exceeds his Offence, his
Life will more than atone for his
Crime. You pretend your self a Vo-
tary to the Deity of Love; observe
the Goddess, and tho' you are mor-
tal, imitate her Example. She is
arm'd, you perceive, with Fire and
Arrows, yet she goes attended by a
Multitude of gentle *Loves*. The Sight
of you, Madam, inflames, and you
wound even in Absence. Use, I be-
seech you, an Ingredient of Tender-
ness, relieve the Sorrows of the
Youth, and apply Water to allay the
Heat of his Passion. This is my Re-
quest, I entreat now, but pardon me
if I presume to advise. I know, Ma-
dam, 'tis Prudence in a Lady to be
reserv'd

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reserv'd in her Desires ; this prevents a Surfeit of Love, and animates the Industry of the Lover. But if you are too coy, the Spark will cool, and qualify by degrees, and fix his Eyes upon a new Mistress ; for Love springs up in an Instant, and in an Instant expires. When it is supplied with Hopes, it claps the Wings, but it flags, and draws in the Feathers, when the Fair One flies off, and despairs the Pursuit. And this, Madam, is the reason the common Women of the Town are still putting off the last Favour, on purpose to secure the Cully, and make him fonder in his Address, but they still promise him a Conquest, and so lead him in the Chain. The gay *Chari-demus* has the Eyes of the Ladies upon him, they display their Charms to ensnare his Youth, and could not fail of Success, had not his Vows of Constancy to you, Madam, restrain'd him. He has resolv'd the lovely *Calyca* shall be the last that fill'd his Arms. Distinguish, I entreat you, the true Lover by a Return of Affection, and be as treacherous as you will to the faithless

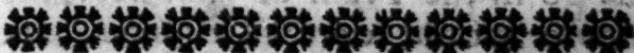
less Herd of your Admirers. Be governed by Advice, and retreat in time, take care your Modesty does not betray you into Insolence, for Love, you know, is of easy Access, and punishes the Haughty with a peculiar Resentment. The Flowers of your Beauty are ravishing and lovely, but fairest Fruit soonest fades. Consider this, and let your Sweets be gathered now they are ripe: Age will deface the Skin, and draw Wrinkles upon the Complexion, and the Gallant will leave you in the Decay of your Charms. This you may learn from a familiar Instance. The Beauty of a Woman is like Flowers to a Field, while the Grass flourishes, the Flowers are fresh and perfect in their Colours; but when the Spring retreats, they perish, and the Grass withers and dies away. The Comparison is just, for Youth is the Foundation of Beauty, when the Complexion's gone, the Charms fade, and then you must be virtuous by Necessity. Love is an Enemy to Chidishness and old Age; there are certain Periods when it com-

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mences and ends ; when the Body is lively and vigorous, then is it the Seat of Love and Reception of Pleasure. But excuse me, Madam, you are well inform'd of this ; yet Tenderness, I must say, is an Improvement of Beauty. Be kind therefore, and deserve the name of Fair by your good Humour and Easiness to Pardon. You see the Rose languishes when it hangs upon the Stalk. Can you favour my Request ? I see you are inclin'd to Pity, I knew you were more a Woman, than to be constant and resolute in your Frowns. The Youth shall instantly attend you, I will be the Herald to proclaim a Peace, and introduce him to your Embraces. I will appear, as an Advocate with the Ladies, in my embroider'd Robes, and all the Ensigns of my Office. Forgive, Madam, the Injuries he has done you, admit this Presumption of mine, and regard the Hopes of your Lover, the gallant *Charidemus*.



EPIST.



EPIST. II.

*He falls in Love at his Devotion, and in
the Extremity of his Passion writes to
the Lady.*

EUXITHEUS to PYTHIAS.

IN our Addresses to the Gods we implore Relief from our Troubles; but my Prayers have been the Occasion of Uneasiness and Sorrow. In my Devotion you surpriz'd my Thoughts, and call'd me off from my Meditations. I perceiv'd the Blow, and turning my Eyes, beheld the lovely Object before me. Your Beauty instantly alarm'd my Senses, and I could not oppose the Power of your Charms. When you saw me gazing, you modestly closed your Veil, and moving your Hand in some Confusion to your Face, discover'd to me some Part of your Cheek. Will you admit me in the Number of your Admirers? Let

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me go in the Train of your Servants. *Jupiter* would leave his *Elisium*, and lay aside his Thunder to enjoy so fair a Votary. Your Condescension I shall always acknowledge; but O! were I able to return your Favour, or give a Lustre to your Perfections! Your Cruelty, I hope, will not destroy a Love which your Beauty inspir'd. Forbid this, ye Gods! and to you, Madam, I vow, whatever Deity has a peculiar Regard from you, his Shrine will I constantly adore, my Prayers shall ascend to him, as long as I am under your Command, which may be, if you please, to the last Instant of my Being.



EPIST. III.

An Attorney's Wife complains of the Neglect of Family Duty.

GLYCERA to PHILINNA.

IN an ill Hour, my *Philinna*, was I tied to that Barreter, my Husband. When we should go to Bed, he is putting of *Cases*, and joining of *Issues*, but performs nothing. Instead of Embraces and the Fondness of Love, he is reporting and impleading. All his Thoughts are litigious, and he neglects his Wife to serve his Client. Was I married for this when in the Flower of Youth and ripe for Pleasure. Shall I hear nothing at Night, but *Give me leave*, and *With Submission to your Lordship*? Must the Bed be turn'd into an Office, and does he marry to make a Clerk of his Wife, and read Lectures of Law to her? I am resolved if he does not recover his Senses, and

E 5 grow

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grow a Man, I'll lie alone, and sue him for Damage. If he does not keep Peace at home, and observe the *Decorums* of Matrimony, I'll fee another Counsel who shall do me Justice. Shall I speak plainly? But you know my Disease: You are a Woman and well acquainted with the Abilities of Men, and able to advise in a Case of this Nature I could say more, but I am ashamed to be particular in his Abuses to me. Send me a Remedy with speed, or I am a lost Woman. You are a Relation in Blood, and expert in reconciling such Divisions. You were the Maker of this Match, and I think it your Duty to see the Articles perform'd. You know I have a Wolf by the Ears that I can neither hold nor loose him with Safety, lest he should enter his Action, and obtain a Verdict against me.



EPIST.

E P I S T. IV.

Expecting a Servant Girl busy in the House.

HERMOTIMUS to ARISTARCHUS.

I Was going under Doris's Window Yesterday, and gave her a Call, she instantly appear'd bright as the Moon. Dear *Hermo* (she said) I knew 'twas your Whistle, but can't tell how to get out to you: My Master is below, and I would not for the World he should see you. But stay a little, I'll make some Excuse to come out, and I hope I shall make amends for your Patience. Besure don't go this Evening; you'll either affront my Passion, or incense it to a greater Heat. I could not but be moved with these tender Expressions which touched my very Soul. I believe I could have expected her till Midnight. Presently she pretends to

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fetch some Water, and comes with the Pail upon her Head. Gods ! she pleas'd me as well, as if she had Jewels in her Ears. How lovely were the Rings of Hair drawn back from her Face, flowing by her Ears, and waving upon her Neck. Her Cheeks glowed with the Lustre which stream'd from her Eyes. Methinks I could die in kissing them, tho' I can't express their Beauty. Prithee, my Dear, (she said) don't let us trifle away this Opportunity ; you know I can't stay out long. I instantly rush'd into her Arms and tasted the Pleasures of Love, which never are so sweet as when they are disturbed and perplexed by Hazards and the fear of Disappointments.



EPIST.

EPIST. V.

A Lady in Love with a Musician.

PARTHENIS to HARPEDONE.

Bless me ! How divinely he sings !
How skilfully he strikes the
Strings ! What an excellent Harmony
is the Instrument supported by his
Voice ! The Muses and Graces con-
spire to make him lovely. He gives
Spirit to the Music by his Countenance,
and reconciles his Action to the vari-
ous Changes in the Tune. But a ten-
der Glance from him fills me with
Transport, and ravishes my Soul more
than the nicest Strokes in his Art.
Achilles was not handsome if unlike
him : He was no Musician if he
played otherwise than he does. Oh !
Could he admire me ! Could I enslave
him to an equal Passion ! But what
have I said ! Who is the Fair one that
can please his Fancy ! Who is Mi-
stress.

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stress of the Charms that can entertain his curious Eye ! Oh ! the Pleasures of being near him ! I find my Tortures arise while I write : My Heart sometimes dissolves into Passion, then boils with Frenzy and Desire. Sometimes I am forced to recline upon my Couch. But when I see my dearest, I am covered with Blushes; surprized with Fear, and in an Agony of Transport all in an Instant. Oh ! the pleasing Flame I burn in ! I am tormented to Despair, yet can't find out the Cause of my Pain ! I am wasted by my Sorrows : My Cheeks o'erflow with a constant Supply of Tears.

— *floating in a Flood of Cares*
I view the Tempest which my Foe prepares,
This way and that I turn my anxious Mind,
Think and reject the Counsels I design'd,
Explore my self in vain in ev'ry part,
And give no rest to my distracted Heart.

Is it Love, or rather the Torch of Venus which preys upon my Soul ?

Why

Why does the cruel God neglect those who are Proof against his Darts? Why does he exert his Powers against a tender Virgin, not yet taken from the Charge of a Governess, or allowed to look out of her own Apartment. Happy's the Maid who's undisturb'd by the Cares of Love! who attends to nothing but the Duties in her Family! I am ashamed to disclose my Torment, and my Disease is more grievous because it is suppressed. I dare not make any of my Women my Confident; they are all treacherous. I amuse my Passion by my self: I walk about wringing my Hands, but find no ease, or Relief to my Distress. I sometimes meet my dearest Torment singing. But then I am distracted to know how to behave my self. I am unacquainted with the Snares of Love; ignorant of its innocent Freedoms. And (you know) I can't advise with any one about what I don't understand. (I believe) I must discard Shame and Blushes, I must bid farewell to the Honour of uneasy Virginity. I perceive an Inclination

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clination in my Temper, which is not to be restrained by the Bonds of Modesty. I'll put on a good Face for once ; perhaps I may recover my Mind from its Cares and Perplexities. While I write, my Face is glowing hot ; some one is speaking of me. Oh that it were my Love, my only dearest, who talks of me ! Oh that we could enjoy the Sweets of our Love at a nearer distance ! Now (my dear *Harpedone*) I have declared the bitter Pleasures which attend my Passion. Come to me, I prithee, and let me have thy Advice : You may easily make an Excuse to morrow for some little thing you want ; but I conjure you of all Loves (they first taught me to swear) never to disclose a Syllable of this Letter.



EPIS

EPIST. VI.

A Gentleman to his Rival in Favour.

SIR,

YOU value your self mightily upon the Smiles of your Mistress; you strut and stalk about with all imaginable Insolence; you are immediately building Castles in the Air, and spurn the World below you with a supercilious Scorn, and a haughty Disregard: I wish your Pride does not burst you, when you blow abroad your own Applause. But, sweet Sir, what can persuade you, you are taken notice of? Excuse me, so pretty a Gentleman cannot pass without Observance, a Complexion so lovely and charming! The Lady, I hope, will be as like you as may be; ye were design'd for one another; Heavens prosper you together, and make you a Foundation of a fair and beautiful Progeny. But why so insulting?

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sulting? 'Tis true, the Day is your own, and you have won the Damsel; but there's no occasion for such impudent Airs; you may triumph civilly without so many Sneers and Grimaces; take her in God's Name; but use common Courtesie, and don't contrive to affront me in the Streets. I shall have the Pleasure of returning your Complement; the Happiness of my Repulse exceeds yours of Enjoyment; for in Disputes of this Nature, Victory it self is a Misfortune.



EPIST. VII.

A Waiting Maid in love with the Gallant of her Lady.

TERPSION to POLYCLES.

A Young Girl entertain'd a Passion for the Gallant of her Lady; for she could not be a Witness of their Pleasures without desiring to taste of them. She heard their mutual Returns

turns of Delight whilst she watch'd the Door to prevent a Surprise. She had seen 'em in the Extasie of Bliss, and in the Heat of their Embraces. Her Virgin Heart was warm'd with the *Ideas* of Enjoyment; she was a Captive to Love, and oppress'd under a double Servitude. 'T was rude, she thought, to share in the Delights of her Mistress; but her Desires were eager, and invented a Stratagem to relieve her Wishes. She was sent for the Gallant to her Lady, and without an Apology, in the way discover'd her Love. Sir, says she, pity a Maid in distress; you know the Frailties of Flesh and Blood. I dare not be plain; but do Sir, I beg you; I dare say you will: Can you fancy me for once? You must not deny me. The Spark (for the Girl was pretty) press'd her instantly in his Arms, and compleated her Joy. He blasted her Maiden Flowers, and tainted the Innocence of her Charms. Their Kisses were close, and attended with a true Pleasure; for the Kiss of a Wife is languid and cold, the Fondness

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ness of a Mistress is treacherous ; but a Virgin, O ! she is warm'd with a sensible Delight ; she is dying and panting in your Arms ; her Lips are soft with a heavenly Dew ; touch her Breasts, and you'll feel her Heart in an Agony. The Lady, inspir'd with Jealousy, breaks in upon their Pleasures, and flies enrag'd upon the Girl, and drags her about by the Hair. She cries out with pain, Pardon me, Madam, says she, for tho' my Body was ordain'd for Service, I have a generous Mind, and easy of access to Love. You may repent it, Madam ; regard the Honour of your Family ; it will come to my Lord's Ears if you are violent in your Resentments ; the Injury is natural, and we draw both in the same Chain. But the Lady, taking the Gallant by the Hand, My Dear, says she, these childish Girls are insipid Creatures ; they are Novices in the Rites of *Venus*, and awkward in their Embraces. Maidenheads, like unripe Grapes, are sour upon the Palate, and perplex the Ardency of a Lover. Look upon me, my Dear,

Dear, I am expert in the *Arcana* of Love; can return your Joys, and animate your Spirits. A Maid must be tutor'd to the Bed, but a Woman is a Mistress of the Ceremonies. This you know, my Dear; but if you have forgot, I will recover your Memory if you please; come to my Arms, and enjoy a Tryal of my Experience.

EPIST. VIII.

A Gentleman's Uneasiness for the Love of his Wife's Mother.

THEOCLES to HYPERIDES.

I Loved a celebrated Beauty. Her Parents consented that I should make her my Bride by an honourable Marriage. I then thought my self in the happiest State of any Man living. The only Creature I desired in the World was my Wife. I could foresee nothing that could dissolve our mutual Tenderness; since the first Occa-

94 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

Occasion of our Acquaintance was Love. But the envious God has diverted my Passion; I have abandoned my Wife, and die for her Mother. What can I do! How shall I say the soft Expressions of Love to one who out of fondness always calls me her Child! And how shall I address the Woman I have so often called my Mother! Thus, whether I meet with Success or a Repulse, I am sure to be unfortunate. Ye Gods! release me from these incestuous Thoughts, least I abuse my Wife in her Mother's Bed.



E P I S T . IX.

A Gentleman in pain for his Mistress, lest the God's Should punish her Neglect of Vows.

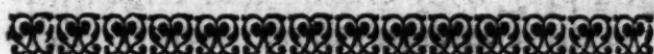
DIONYSIODORUS to AMPELLIS.

YOU are persuaded, perhaps, that I am in pain, since you forsook me

me, so true so faithful a Lover; I call your Beauty to witness, I am; but for a Reason of more Importance than your Falshood to me: I tremble when I reflect how indifferently you play with Oaths, and trifle away the most solemn Engagements. As to my self, I forgive your Breach of Vows; you may despise me and insult my Passion; but the Gods, I fear, will resent the Wrong, and revenge your Perjury; this moves me nearer than all the Neglect and Coldness you have shew'd me. The Cause of my Distress I impute to the Unhappiness of my Fortune; and you, Madam, I pronounce Innocent: Yet my Prayers to the Gods shall always be for your Safety. I will address Heaven for its Protection over you, and endeavour to alleviate your Sentence. If you persist in your Crime, the Eye of Justice I hope will pardon the Injury, and not destroy your Charms for an Offence so natural to the Fair: Whatever the Gods resolve concerning me, may you still be happy, and in their Favour. Farewel,

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my Angel, tho' I leave you with regret; and pardon me, if I say, that few would be so tender of your Safety, who had found such Disappointments in their Love.



E P I S T . X.

A Painter in Love with a Picture he had drawn of a young Lady.

PHILOPINAX to CHROMATION.

I Have drawn a charming Lady, and I am ravished by the Performance: I can't complain of the Cruelty of *Venus*; my own Pencil is my Misfortune. Had I drawn one less successfully, I could not have loved her; so that whoever pities my ill Fortune, must admire my Skill. I must be esteemed an ingenious Artist, as well as a distress'd Lover. But why do I complain, and accuse my own Hands? I have seen the Draughts of *Phædra*, *Nartissus*, and *Pasiphae*. *Phædra*

dra was not always attended by the Son of the *Amazon*. *Pasiphae's* *Pas-*
sion was brutish and unnatural. *Nar-*
cissus if he reach'd at his Desire, loses
his Delight, the admired Image flies
from his Arms. The Cut I saw, re-
presented him leaning over a Foun-
tain, and grasping at the Reflexion of
his own Face. But my Mistress is
ever with me, and appears in the most
lovely Charms. She does not retreat
from my Embraces, but receives them
in a pleasing Air. She looks al-
way smiling, alway charming; you'd
think she had Words upon her Lips,
tho' she wants the Power of Expres-
sion. I often lay my Ear to her Mouth
to hearken what she would whisper;
but when I lose my Expectation, I
fasten kisses upon her Lips, her Dim-
ples, and Eyebrows, and ask her why
she won't speak. She (as a Jilt hu-
mours her Gallant) is silent. When
I go to Bed, I take her in my Arms,
and press her to my Breast, that she
might allay the Violence of the Flames
within. When I find it breathless, I
am transported with Rage; I fear my

98 ARISTÆNETUS'S EPISTLES.

Despair will hurry me to do Violence to my Life. Tho' her Lips bear a ripened Blossom, they don't return the Warmth of a Kiss. Her delicate Tresses I behold with Amazement; but when I consider they are not real, my Pleasures vanish. When I am racked with Grief, the sensless Picture insults me with a Smile. Ye tender Daughters of *Venus*! grant me a living Mistress, which may convince me that the Glory of my Skill is surpassed by the Life; so when I compare them together, I shall find the Perfections of Art outdone by Nature.



EPIST. XI.

A Gentleman loves his Wife and his Mistress.

APOLLOGENES to SOSIA.

I Appeal to the whole Order of Lovers, if their Affections were ever

at the same time engaged to two different Objects. I first was devoted to the Charms of a Mistress; but they soon grew cloying. I then thought to resign my Love to a virtuous and honourable Wife. But now my Mistress engages my Passion, and to deprive my Spouse would be dishonourable. While I lie in the Arms of the one, my Mind fancies that which is absent. I compare my self to a Pilot; he's driven by contrary Winds, which strive for the Command of his Vessel. The Sea is beaten every way, and every Wave is proud to toss the wearied Ship. However, since my Passion to them both is equal, I wish they could live together without Quarrels or Jealousy.



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EPIST. XII.

A Gentleman chose a Woman of mean Quality to his Wife to avoid the Vexation of a great Fortune.

EUBULIDES to HEGESISTRATUS.

Poverty itself is unable to subdue the Spirit of an ill-tempered Woman, or reconcile it to Obedience to her Husband. I chose a Girl in Service on purpose to secure my self from the Insolence of a great Fortune. My Affections were presently settled upon her. I first was sorry for the hard Turn of her Circumstances, but I pitied her till I loved her. I did not think my good Nature would have met with so ill a Return. She immediately invested herself in the Pride and Arrogance of a Person of Quality, and every way made out the meaning of her Name, Mrs. Shrew. My Face is seamed with her Scratches.

She

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She tyrannizes over my easy Temper, and neither respects me for my Estate, nor honours me as her Husband. This is the Portion she brings to recommend her. Her Attendance is as numerous, and her Dress as sumptuous as a Lady's of Honour. She seems to design to reduce me to Want by her Extravagance. No Allowance will serve her, she thinks I am made of Money. I often shew her what plain Cloaths I wear, to persuade her to contract her Expenses. If I tell her how she runs me out, she flights what I say, and despises my Advice, because she knows I love her with all her Faults. This is the sad Condition of my Life: How to redress it I can't tell. I must be forced to turn her out of Doors to prevent a worse Misfortune. For the more tender I am, the more I am abused. The insolent Quean shall pack off I am resolved. She's a Fury every Inch of her, and I must not trifle with Danger when I see it before me.

E P I S T . XIII.

A Lady to her Gallant who has forsaken her.

CHELIDONIUM to PHILONIDES.

PERhaps (my dearest) now you have slighted me ; you think I receive Addresses from another. No, (as I hope for the Favour of *Venus*) I have retained my Passion ever since you left me, the dear *Philonides* has been ever in my Mind. I remember when I a-waked I felt for you, and called the melancholy Story of *Theseus* to my Mind. The Ladies style me *Ariadne*, and upbraid me with the Misfortune of your Inconstancy. My Ears tremble when I sigh out your Name. Oh ! did you know the watchful Sorrows I undergo ! How I press your Letters to my Breast as the greatest Relief to my aking Heart ! How I kiss every tender Word. I believe you suspect-
ed

ed I discover Affection to every Gallant, and (as a common Mistress) entertain all Addresses to increase the Desires of my Adorers. But, you know, I was obliged to receive Presents from others, that I might have the less Occasion to trouble your Generosity. You accused me before you knew my Fault: But I entreat you by the Tears I shed to think of it no more. I would confess my self guilty if you required it; nay, every Punishment would be easy, but robbing me of your Affections, that's the only Torment I dread. I call your charming self to witness I'll offend no more, I'll ever respect *Philonides* not as my Lover, but my self! I am overcome with Tears and Sighs, else I would write more.





EPIST. XIV.

The Reconciliation.

MELISSA to NICOCHARITES.

HAD not the propitious God, and his lovely Mother dissolved the *Charms* of our Rivals, we had still been uneasy, our Affections had never been reconciled. But now their Hopes are vanished, and their Intrigues ruined. May you never love me, if I did not overflow with Transport when I came to you Yesterday ! I embraced the Posts, and kissed the very Walls. My Satisfaction was too great to be real. 'Tis a Dream ! (said I) a Delusion of Fancy ! I distrusted my Pleasures, and conceived them too exquisite to be sincere. When you saw your *Melissa*, you ran up to her, and snatched her Hand : I thought you would have squeezed all my Fingers into one. We owe a Feast of Friendship.

ship to the Gods, for recovering our Passion, which is now more delightful than ever. For the Reconciliation of the little Breaches in Love, renders the Enjoyments more lively and compleat, than it could be before Sincerity was tryed on both sides.



EPIS T. XV.

A Lady loves a Widow's Servant, the Widow loves the Husband of the Lady.

CHRYYSIS to MYRINA.

WE are sensible (my dear *Myrina*) of one another's Failings; you languish for my Husband, I die for your Groom: How shall we contrive to redress our Desires. You know I have implored Heaven for a Stratagem, but none can succeed without your Assistance. I would propose something, but you must promise to be faithful. You must accuse your Servant with being my Gallant,

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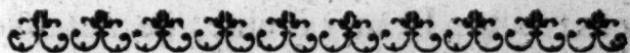
you

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you must threaten him with Punishment, and discharge him your House. But I beg you to be mild and favourable, because I esteem him. When you have dismissed him, he'll come to me (as his Mistress's Friend) to entreat you to be reconciled; I'll immediately dispatch my Husband to you to beg his Pardon. Hence if we make use of the Opportunity which the Gods of Love afford us, our Cares will be reliev'd, and our Afflictions vanish. But I beseech you to detain him in your Arms as long as you can, that my Pleasures may not be surprized by his Return. I hope you'll forget the Loss of your own Husband, when you enjoy the friendly Embraces of one you love in his room.



EPIST.



EPIS. XVI.

A Lady to her Gallant, who had forsaken her for another.

MYRTALA to PAMPHILUS.

YOU despise me that love you ;
you use me as a second-hand
Mistress, and turn me off for the Em-
braces of another ; you walk by the
Door, as unacquainted with the
House, and forget our past Delights ;
you are cruel, my *Pamphilus*, but I
deserve it I confess, I am paid for my
Forwardness, I should have kept you
at a distance, and told you I had a
Gallant with me ; but I admitted you
to my Arms without the least Reserve.
and never conceal'd my Paffion ; I
have been too easy, my Good-nature
has undone me ; for Men retreat when
they are encourag'd, and disdain when
they are lov'd. You are to be com-
mended for courting the Lady *Thais* ;

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you follow her because she flies, and esteem her Beauty divine, because she is coy and denies your Pretences ; for all of you pursue what is difficult to be obtain'd. When you have been profuse in your Presents, and whin'd out your Passion to no Purpose, then am I bless'd with your Endearments. and so I thank you for nothing ; but still the janty *Thais* must be an Angel with you. Well, I accuse my self for all my Misfortunes. How often have I vow'd to extinguish this Fondness, and banish the very Thoughts of you ? But one Sight renews my Tenderness, I am all Transport when you are before me : You have Access to all my Beauties, I let you sigh upon my Breasts, and press you to me with as much Affection as ever. You imagine, perhaps, I will alway be the same foolish Creature ; but by our past Joys I swear, you shall be convinc'd otherwise : Why should I bind my self with Oaths, when my Resolutions are made, and your Usage obliges me to be constant in them. Adieu for ever, and by the snowy Bosom,

Bosom, and soft Lips of *Thais*, I
charge you never to torment me more.



EPIST. XVII.

*A Gentleman to a virtuous Lady who
is married.*

EPIMENIDES to ARIGNOTA.

I Protest, Madam, you give admirable Advice, and support me mightily. You ask me, " How long " will you plague me with your Impertinence, and tire me with your Courtship? You know I am married, therefore be tender of my Reputation. Leave me, I intreat you, before my Husband suspects you. He is a Gentleman of Honour; and I am unwilling so fair a Youth should be in danger for me". But, Madam, you do not consider the Power of Love; you are unacquainted with the Torment of a Lover's Breast. A Lover, Madam,

is.

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is bold in Difficulties ; a Repulse quickens his Industry, and if he dies he falls undaunted. He puts to Sea against Wind and Tide, and leaves the Event to Fortune. The Brave are the Darlings of *Venus* ; they please her more than Victims or Incense. Desist, I beseech you, from these Harangues, they are Trifles not to be endured. I have a Soul that scorns to fear ; my Heart has the Sentiments of a *Spartan*. The Ladies of *Greece* inspire their Sons with Fortitude and Courage ; but I have a Flame in my Bosom, which will either procure me Enjoyment, or make me a Sacrifice to your Charms. But, fairest of Women, I request you to receive this Intimation of my Love, as the sincere Consequence of my Passion. I have reveal'd to you the Intimacies of my Soul, and the full Extent of a Lover's Desire.



EPIST.

EPIST. XVIII.

A Bawd pretending himself a Conjuror, cheats a Spark of his Money and his Mistress.

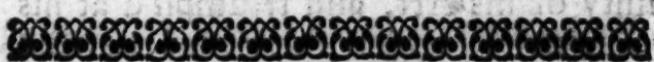
MANTITHEUS to AGLAOPHONS.

THe *Helxinoe*, a common Woman of the Town, took her Walks in a Dress very decent and agreeable; she had a thin Veil over her Face, and so reserv'd she appear'd in her Eyes, that a Youth, my Friend, was caught in the Snare; for she look'd like Innocence it self, but prov'd a Jilt under the Shade of Modesty. The gay *Pampphilus* receiv'd the Poison with his Eyes, and grew violently fond of her Beauty; he was scorch'd with his Passion, and instantly in all the Distresses of a Lover; yet he would not be publick in his Address before he knew the Character of his Mistress. The Gentlewoman was jealous of his

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his Design (for she could expect no less) *and apply'd herself to the Procurer her Master, who promis'd to improve the Adventure, and recover the Spark to her Arms.* He waited upon him in a Disguise, in the exact Habit of a Conjurer. He told him he could resolve lawful Questions by Astrology, and that the Conjunction of the Planets should place the Lady of his Affection in his Embraces. The Lover gave him a Broad-Piece or two, and in a few Days the cunning Man had prevail'd with the Stars, and the Damsel was presented at his Feet. She assumed the Coyness of a Virgin, and came in her Veil; but before she left him, she had pick'd his Pocket of his Silver. The next Visit, she had finger'd his Gold: She soon appear'd more free and airy, and confess'd her Folly, but she could not chuse but love him. The Youth had his Pleasure of her, and then she dropp'd a Tear as a Tribute to her Maiden-Vows. Thus she appear'd a Novice in her own Profession. But the Gallant hugg'd the Conjurer in his Arms, extoll'd the Sublimity

mity of his Art, and triumph'd at his Conquest, which succeeded beyond his Hopes. This was the Trade for three or four times, till the poor Lover was drain'd of his Money, and fleec'd as bare as my Hand. They despis'd him at last, and forsook him in the Extremities of Poverty. The Youth, tho' he perceiv'd the Cheat, could not forego his Passion, but desir'd the wise Man to prepare a Love-Potion for the Lady. " Not so, Sir, " says he, our Art is not always in a " Humour, I think you have had e- " nough for your Money. Thus the poor Cully was bit : He thought all was Gold that glisters. Madam over-reach'd him by the Innocence of her Deportment, and the Conjuror by the Muttering of his *Charms*. He had the very Postures of a Star-gazer ; he'd tremble when he was drawing the Circle, and command the Youth not to advance within such a distance. He call'd the Devils about him so elegantly, in such terrible Language, and with a Voice so inward and astonishing, that nothing could discover him.



E P I S T . X I X .

*A waiting Woman brings her Lady's
Gallant to her Embraces.*

ARCHILOCHUS to TERPANDER.

I Am going to discover to you how a Lady instructed her Woman to procure an humble Servant to her Embraces. I either dreamed (my Child) or really heard late last Night some Gentlemen at an Entertainment under my Window. I thought there was Music, Singing, and Dancing. The *Syrens* themselves would not have made such a Performance. You are very right, Madam (she replies) there's a young Gentleman scarce turn'd of twenty dies for your Charms. He's a lovely Creature, his Name is *Hippothales*. He has often begg'd of me to introduce him to you, but I was afraid your Ladyship would be angry. So then (said the Lady) you understand

stand his Business. When he comes again (but besure don't let him know that I heard the least of it) if I like his Person, bring him into the Drawing Room. He came at the usual Hour, with his Head bound with a Garland of Roses. He sang more sweetly than ever: The Lady could not but admire him: He's admitted to her Embraces, where they enjoy the transporting Pleasures of Love. They lie entangled in the Folds of Joy. Their Souls are infused, and struggle to meet in every Kiss. Such exalted Happiness might be the Envy of the Gods.



E P I S T. XX.

*A Lady rallies her Lover for the Disdain
of Men after Enjoyment.*

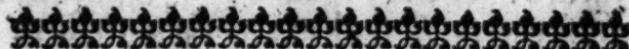
OCEANIUS to ARISTOBULUS.

THE Gallant *Lyco* continues in his Application. He's every Morning

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ing under his Mistress's Window, and accuses her of Cruelty and Disdain. He whines and cants with Tears in his Eyes ; Will you have no Pity upon a despairing Lover ? How can you be so hard-hearted ? Do ! despise your Slave, who never wore any Chains but yours. She returns him these scornful Answers : You may as well talk to the Winds : You spend your Breath in vain : I can't regard your rude Expressions. The amorous Youth could not bear all this : His Love was turned into Rage : He resolved to affront her. Oh ! you relentless Creature, said he, Heavens revenge your Insolence. Why should so divine a Form be defaced by the savage Temper of a Beast ? She, with a scornful Grimace, replies, Sir, you are pleased to be very full of your Compliments ; but my Fellow-Creatures, as you call them, the Beasts, while they wander in the Woods securely, are tame and innocent ; but when they are fretted by the Hunter and the Dogs, then they put on their Fierceness. Thus, 'tis the Lover who displeases our Good-Nature :

Nature: We are tormented with their Impertinence, and are forced to arm our selves with Cruelty in our own Defence, and disdain the pretending Youth. While your Passion is warm, you watch whole Nights under our Windows ; you are proud of every Glance ; you invoke Heaven to attest your Love, and every Sigh is a Vow of your Sincerity. The tender Lamb is the Pursuit of the greedy Wolf. And I believe you address the Ladies as they are an Allay to your Flames. But when your Desires are satisfied, and you have ensnared the Virgin to your Embraces, you despise her Charms, laugh at her Fondness, and expose the Favours you once thought would make you happy. Your Tears are deceitful, and, like Sweat, vanish when you are cool. If your Inconstancy is impeached by your Protestations, you reply, The Gods don't regard what the Lovers say. I hope now you are satisfied of my Opinion, you'll resign your Pretensions, and never charge me with being cruel, while I only desire my own Security.



E P I S T . XXI.

He compares his Mistress to other Women.

ABROCOMAS to his dear DELPHIS.

I Have employed my self some time in examining the Female World ; I have surveyed the whole *Species* with a peculiar Judgment, not, my Dear, to entertain my Eyes or indulge my Senses, but to compare your Charms with theirs, and discover how far you obscure the finest Woman of our Age ; your Fancy, your Mien, and Air, have something so particularly graceful, that you excel in every thing becoming and innocent. The native genuine Red that glows in your Cheeks without Paint or Vanity, the shining Black of your Eye-brows command the Passions of Mankind, and captivate the most insensible. Your Head has an Ornament from Nature, and the Compafs of Art cannot invent a more lovely Dress than the natural Flow of your Hair. You are a Rose

in

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in the Garden of Beauty ; your Eyes discharge a Fire ; with every Glance they wound, and inspire an Affection not to be subdued. The Gods protect you, my dear *Delphis*, my Life, and Crown of my Desires ; long may you shine among us : My Joy and the Pleasure of my Years terminate in your Happiness, and I no way repent the Service I am under, I am willing to bear the Arrows, the golden Darts of Love, I admire Confinement, and embrace my Chains : May this be the Centre of my Wishes, to love, and to be lov'd : May I enjoy the Esteem of the fair *Delphis*, have Access to her Person, and improve by her Conversation.



EPIST. XXII.

A Lady's Stratagem to save her Lover.

CHARMIDES to EUDEMUS.

A Lady was enjoying the Embraces of her Gallant : Her Husband returns

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returns from Abroad, knocks at the Door in haste, and calls to have it open'd. She knew his Voice and thundring at the Door; she leaps out of the Bed, and throws it into a little Order, lest he should discover their Pleasures by the Impression. She prevailed with her Spark not to be afraid, and to give her leave to bind him Neck and Heels, assuring him he should escape without Danger. She went and let her Husband in, and brought him up into the Room. My dearest, said she, I took this Villain breaking our House, He was surprized with the Sight, and look'd for a Sword to murder him. No ! my Dear (she replies) let him alone till to Morrow Morning, and we'll carry the Rascal before a Magistrate; and if you are afraid he'll escape, I'll sit up all Night to watch him.

This Letter is imperfect.



FINIS.



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